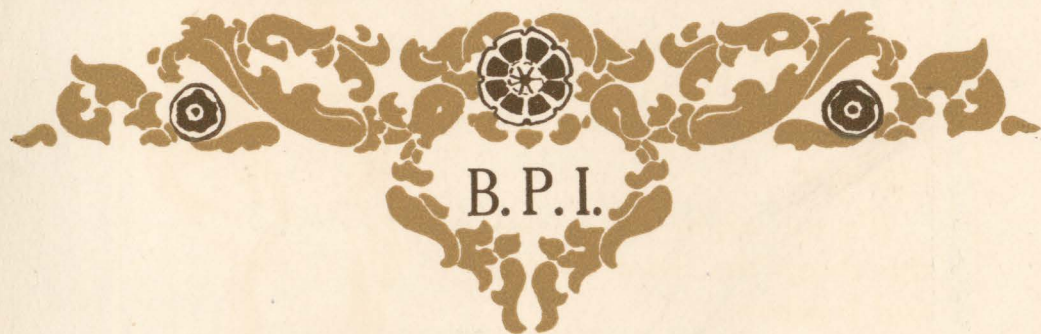


# THE TECH



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By Camille Mahannah

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By Betty Hardesty

**Athletic News**

Baseball and Track

Vol. XXI

**April**

No. Seven

# *Betty Wales Dresses*

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Peoria, Illinois

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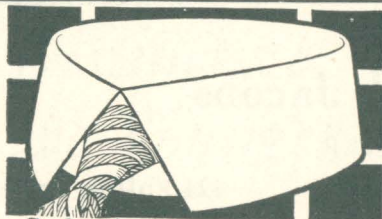
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# THE TECH

BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE



Vol. XXI

Peoria, Illinois, April, 1918

No. 7

## "THE GOODEST PERSON."

The last lingering masses of fluffy haziness finally cleared away from the mountain tops and the sun shed forth its bright rays. The inhabitants of the little village, lying in the shadow of the mountain, welcomed this change, for the nights were cold even in June, and the sun's rays brought warmth and life to them. Children left the fireplaces to play along the roadside. Busy mothers began their daily household labor. Even the flowers seemed to shake off the glistening dew and lift their soft petals to the sun.

There was one soul who welcomed this warmth, I believe, more than all the rest, but if you could have seen her walking along the meadow-side with the herd of cows before her, you would have passed her by, unnoticed. This great warmth-giving sun gave her life also, for she playfully hit the last member of the herd with her too-slender stick and cried:

"Hurry up, Bess; do hurry! You old lazy cow, ploddin' along when all the world is so busy and happy."

But Bess, loath to leave a patch of wayside daisies, was only beginning her second course, so her little guardian, dancing about on a green patch of soft grass, sang loudly and clearly to the listening cows and daisies:

"Merrily sings the donkey,  
As he goes to hay,  
Someone must go with him  
Or he'll run away."

Over and over she sang it, spinning around and around, her tattered straw hat cast aside, and her tanned bare feet, patting down a grassy pillow.

She was so absorbed in her singing that she did not hear the approaching horseman until a cheerful "Good morning!" brought her back from her fairyland and made her sit in a heap among the daisies.

"My, goodness, you 'bout scared me to death!" she cried, glancing up into the face of an old gentleman having the kindest grey eyes she had ever seen.

"Sorry, my little friend; but pray tell me, is this Madame Melba or Galli Curci going through her morning rehearsal?"

"Oh, no, sir! This is only Mary Ray, sir. I'm herding my father's cows."

"Oh, I see. I suppose, Miss Ray, you live about here."

"Oh, yes, sir. Right over there behind that clump of trees. My father works for the General," she added proudly.

"For the General?" he exclaimed quickly.

"Why, sir, haven't you heard of the General and his castle? Just

keep on this road about two miles and you can see the top of his castle high above the trees. Of course, you can't go in."

"Well, Miss Mary, I suppose you've seen this old General lots of times?"

"Oh, no, sir—but I'd like to see him I feel so sorry for him. Why"—and bending nearer, she whispered mysteriously—"they say he's made of money! Mustn't he look funny?"

The strange gentleman laughed so long and heartily, that Mary was quite provoked. Picking up her hat and stick, she was about to hurry on, when a laughing voice cried:

"Dear me, child, dear me. I didn't mean to make you angry. Come, now, let's not break our friendship so soon. Why, child, they just mean he is very wealthy."

But this advice didn't alter Mary's ideas, for she gazed at her odd friend and continued:

"I do feel sorry for him. Why, many a time of a winter night, when we're all cozy about the fire, roastin' apples and crackin' nuts, Mother says:

"Well, John, we're happier with our one fireplace, than the General with his sixty-seven. If he could see us, I'll bet he'd think so too!"

"And I always snuggle closer to Annie Lou, that's my next youngest sister, and am glad I'm there!"

The old gentleman stood so long gazing across the distant meadows, that Mary began to think that he had forgotten her. Finally he turned, and regarded her closely for the first time. He saw a little girl, he imagined about twelve years of age, with a freckled nose and brown curly hair. No, she wasn't pretty, but her bright innocent eyes, eagerly searching his face, made something catch in his throat.

Taking out a slip of paper, he scribbled a few words on it, slipped the paper in an envelope and, handing it to Mary, said:

"Well, Mary, I'm your General. Here, if you ever want to help me pass a lonely afternoon in my castle, come. Give this to the keeper at the gate. But, Mary, don't tell, it's our secret."

Before Mary, wide-eyed, could recover from her surprise, the black horse had wheeled around and disappeared down the long stretch of road.

She stood there, clutching the white envelope close to the worn waist of her calico dress. Why should he ask her? She had on her oldest dress, brother Joe's torn hat, and her hair wasn't even brushed. He must have liked her—just a little.

The far-away tinkling of the cow-bells brought Mary back from her bewilderment, and she ran swiftly down the road in pursuit. When she had started the cattle homeward, the morning seemed so long to her. She believed there would never be one daisy or lonely blade of grass left, when the greedy animals reached home.

Shutting her charges safely in the pasture, she hurried up the path and into the garden. She almost hesitated to enter the little home, her heart was beating so loudly, and she almost believed her mother would see the precious missive, through her apron pocket.

As she reached the doorstep, she heard strange voices. Why, what was the matter? Finally, she heard her father say:



"Well, boys, I guess he won't ride no more."

"No, John," broke in a voice which she had recognized as being that of Watkins, a neighbor,—*"I reckon his back is broke."*

She started, but a great fear overcame her. Someone, something—she stopped.

"But, John," her mother protested, *"do tell me how it all happened."*

"Well, it's just like this. I was drivin' over to town and had reached the big bend in the road when I heard an automobile comin'. Knowin' how scairt my old Ben is of them cars, I switched on to the side road, got out and held him. As the big car came round the curve, down the mountain-side came the General on his black horse. When that horse got sight of that sputterin' car it like to went plum crazy, reared up, snorted, and the next thing I saw, he got too near the side, and over they went. I climbed up, and by that time the folks in the car had got to the General. Lyin' on the ground, he was all crushed and white. We lifted him—gosh, how he groaned—put him in the car and they drove on, I reckon to the castle. I—"

Mary heard no more. Grief overcame her and she sank down in a little heap. Her General hurt—perhaps dying—no, no, he couldn't. She must get away. Arising, she ran out to the orchard under a huge apple tree, her place of refuge. Great lumps came in her throat but she couldn't cry. If she could suffer a little of his pain!

For a long time she sat there. Finally the tears came. The wind swept through the orchard, bending the branches down about her protectingly. Robins scolded and sang in the trees. The sun shone placidly down, scattering little rays of light through the closely netted leaves of the old apple tree. It all gave Mary courage. Surely, with all the world so beautiful and happy her General would be spared.

The days dragged by wearily for Mary. How eagerly she awaited any message of the General! Every evening she stood at the door waiting for her father's return from the field. As soon as he came in sight, she ran to ask him if he had heard any news. And every night the same answer:

"I dunno, Mary; they say he's alive yet. If he lives he'll sure be a cripple."

But this wasn't very satisfactory to Mary. After two weeks of asking, her father said, impatiently:

"Well, Mary, why worry your head about the General? You're just nervous, child, about that accident. Do stop your pesterin'—I'm in a hurry for supper."

The next day Mary resolved to visit the castle. Why put it off any longer? The General ought to be able to see visitors—and if he died, she never would see him at all.

Luckily her mother was called to care for a sick neighbor, so Mary arrayed in her best dress, her curls brushed smoothly and the envelope securely held in her hand, started to the castle and her General.

She took the short cut, passing up the trail and down the other side of the mountain. The way was long and the sun, now directly above her,



shone down with all its power. She tried to imagine that she was a fair princess, traveling in a chariot drawn by beautiful white horses, to visit a hidden castle, but the illusion was far from complete, for the road was hot, and the sharp rocks bruised her feet.

At last, after climbing downward until her limbs fairly ached, she reached a point where the castle lay directly below her. How beautiful and dazzling it was contrasting with the somber mountain behind it! As Mary gazed, one of her favorite stories came to her. It was the tale of a poor young man who envied his neighbor's huge castle. He determined to work and save his earnings until he, too, could possess such a mansion. For many, many years he labored and at last his desire was gratified. Each day as he surveyed all his possessions, realizing they were his, he forgot that he had grown old and forgot the long years of toil. His lifetime in his new home was short, but he was happy in that short time and was willing to go when the Master summoned him. So Mary forgot the long, hot journey, now realizing that her castle was so near. Her time there, to be sure, would be short, oh, so very short, but she would be content.

The keeper at the iron gate was a funny little man who seemed as ancient as the castle itself. After reading Mary's letter, he peered at her through the gate, and finally permitted her to enter. He then went with her to the door and told the stern gentleman in black to take her up—it was all right.

How startled Mary was to realize that she was in the castle! And why, what was she walking upon—surely it wasn't fur. How soft it was to her aching feet. She would just reach down and feel. She knelt stroking the heavy oriental rug, but glancing up and meeting the butler's disapproving eyes, she stood up and hurried after his black, shining boots. They passed up many stairs and finally reached the door. Mary entered. My, what a large room, and there in a huge bed lay her General—still and white. Mary hastened to his side. Finally the grey eyes beheld her, and that same cheerful voice said:

"Well, my little songster, you've been a long time coming, but I thought you would come."

"I—I hope you're better, sir," Mary replied in a little quivering voice, all her prepared speech of two weeks slipping out of her memory.

"Better, of course I am. If it wasn't for that ugly pain in my back, I'd be up. Well, Mary, what do you think of my castle?"

"Oh, sir!" Mary answered, hesitatingly, "indeed, I—I didn't quite look. I was so anxious to see you."

The old man reached over and held Mary's hand. He seemed strangely sad when he spoke to her. "Well, Mary," he said, "you are about the only one who really comes to see me—the others come to see my castle."

"Oh, sir, they come to see you too. They must like you."

But the General only shook his head feebly and replied:

"Mary, I had a little daughter, years ago, with brown curls and eyes like yours."

"Oh, isn't that fine, sir! But, where is your little girl now?"

"It's a long, sad story, Mary, but since you've asked me, I'll tell you. I did not always live in a castle, Mary, my happiest days were passed in



a mountain cabin with my wife and little daughter Anne. Oh, how happy we were! Every wintry evening Anne would bring her fairy story book, snuggle up to me, and after I'd read the stories of princes and castles, she'd always ask the same question:

"Daddy, you will build a castle for Mother and me, some day, won't you?"

"And I always answered 'Yes', and smiling she'd fall asleep in my arms.

Well, child, I worked hard but finally found the gold that has brought me all my wealth. However, a great dark cloud came upon our sunshine. Anne's mother died and when she was only fifteen, her aunt came from England, and took her back to that faraway country to take care of her until she was twenty. Then I determined that when my little girl returned she should have her castle.

"For five years many men worked. They went up into these mountains, Mary, and carried down moss-covered rocks so that her castle would look as ancient as those in the fairy books. I had the roof brought over from an English Castle. Men searched in almost every country for rare old furniture. At last, two months before Anne's return, her castle was complete.

"I went to New York to meet her. My little girl was coming home! And when she came forward, looking so much like her mother, I grabbed her to me. But I haven't forgotten her greeting.

"'Oh, father,' she said, indignantly, 'why you're rumpling my hair and wrinkling my dress!'

"Then I noticed some one was with her,—a tall, thin fellow, staring haughtily through one of these one-glass affairs.

"'Oh, father,' she went on, 'this is Algernon, my husband.'

"Ah, child, that was a hard blow, but she was my daughter. The hardest and saddest part to hear was this: She only stayed in the castle overnight—said it was too far away, and Algernon was accustomed to the life of a large city. I told her to go—go, and never return. I—I'm afraid, Mary, I was a little too severe.

"That was many years ago, but since that time I've lost everything in life. Why couldn't I have passed away the other day? Why should I be compelled to live?

"See, child, that large picture? That is Anne with her brown eyes and curls.

Mary studied the picture for a long time. She wondered how this beautiful girl could desert her father.

"I'm so sorry, sir," she said slowly. "Perhaps your Anne still loves you and will come back to you."

"No, child, that will never be!"

Mary sprang up suddenly. "Oh, I've had such a fine visit, but I must be going. See, the sun has gone down behind the mountain and mother will be wondering where I am."

"You will come again, tomorrow, Mary?"

"Oh, sir, indeed I'd love to, but I can't come tomorrow. Probably I can steal away the day after."



And the soft pattering of bare feet down the hallway told of her departure.

As Mary stepped from the castle down into the garden which was already growing cool, she looked all about her with a happy smile. Her visit was not all like she had always imagined, but she was wondrously happy because the General had told her his life secret. She heaved a little sigh as she went back over her dreams of visiting the castle in grand state, trying on gowns that had been hidden in chests for years, and sipping wine from a golden goblet. The broad stones of the walk sent a chill quivering along her spine, so she stepped on to the soft grass. As she had almost reached the gate, she stopped suddenly and listened. From the other side of the great lilac bush, she heard a deep sigh, as if some one were in pain. Treading noiselessly, she peered around. There huddled against the sheltering green was a woman. She was gazing at the castle before her and tears were falling from her tired face down the front of her faded jacket. Hush, she was speaking:

"Oh, wonderful castle, to think that I must be content with gazing at you! I was wrong. Oh, if only these years of repenting could blot out that wrong!"

Her tired head dropped on her chest and the sobbing grew fainter and fainter.

Mary stood spellbound, and finally moved slowly forward. The woman, perceiving the presence of some one, turned and regarded Mary, a wild haunted fear in her brown eyes. Where had Mary seen those eyes before? With a little cry, the child seized her, almost screaming:

"Oh, do tell me, you are, you are Anne!"

The woman shook with fright.

"Anne—what do you know of Anne?" she stammered.

But Mary tugged at her and begged:

"Do come with me. You must be Anne, and your father is so sick and needs you. Won't you come, before—before it is too late?"

Fatigue and hunger were beginning to overpower the woman and feebly leaning on Mary, she made her way to the castle. The old butler, gazing at them, stepped back in alarm. Was this—could this—but anxious Mary was almost dragging her friend up the stairs. Down the long hall they passed and entered the General's room.

The stranger, as if groping her way in the darkness, stumbled over to the bed, and grasping the sick man's hand, hid her face in the white coverlet. A wonderful transformation came over the old man's face. All the years of hatred were forgotten as that hand slipped into his.

"Father," she sobbed, "you do forgive me, for I have repented many years—and to find you so ill makes my pain deeper!"

"Anne, Anne, my little girl," he whispered, "you will never leave me, never! Our yesterdays will all be forgotten in the bright days that spread before us."

For a long time they sat there. Darkness came and John, coming to light the candles, found them, hand in hand, gazing into the night.

In their new happiness their little friend had been forgotten. Now glancing about they discovered that she had gone.



Yes, Mary had slipped away, leaving her friends to their reunion. As she hurried away, she met a neighbor, riding home in his rattling wagon, who gave her a "lift". Her mother had not returned, so Mary built the fire and had the humble supper piping hot, when her father came home, tired from the day's work.

That night Mary sat out on the back step, gazing at the stars. The thought came to her:

"Why should she ever return to the castle? The General had his Anne—he wouldn't want her!"

She felt tired and disappointed to have her bubble of happiness float away so soon.

Suddenly a little hand slipped into hers, and glancing around she distinguished Annie Lou, snuggling up to her.

"Mary," she said, "you are the goodest person in this whole world—you are 'cause everybody says so."

Mary grasped the little hand tighter.

"No, no, Annie Lou," she whispered tenderly, "you just think that 'cause you love me!"

"Oh, yes, you are," the little sister protested. "I asked Mr. Thompson, the preacher, today, and he said so."

What a world of comfort we find in a sister! These few words of love made the tiny spark of happiness, which was burning so low, in Mary's heart spring up brilliantly. If she was "the goodest person in the world" she would not be so selfish as to think of herself, she would be happy because her lonely General had found his Anne. She would go to the castle—not tomorrow—but the day after.

—Camille E. Mahannah.

---

#### SPRING'S MESSAGE.

The pale blue eyes of the violet ope,  
The glad lark sings with exultant hope,  
And the red buds charm the spring;  
The snowy drift of the cherry showers,  
In the fragrant breeze, thro' the sunny hours,  
And the flowers Spring's message bring.  
Listen! Oh heart of mine!  
To the call divine,  
Nor fail thy tryst,  
While the sunbeams shine!

—Esther Thompson.



## TODAY AT DAWN

Somewhere in France—

To Madam, his Mother:—

We of the —nth, write to you our appreciation of him—as we knew him. Our apology to you for our own misunderstanding.

He came to us but a very short time ago—a transfer from the —nth.

Perhaps, Madam, you do not understand or know the lives we lead over here—lives which discover true men and accept only such. Perhaps, too, you do not know of “les deaux”—two comrades together, until one or the other of us goes over the border. A man can only be one thing—we, the French, call them “noir”—

But he came to us of the English, a mere lad; and one by one our regiment sought to make of him a “heart brother”—But he stood alone—surly—indifferent to the gibes finally thrust at him because of *his* great aloofness.

Of French, he knew little—and we (you may observe) know not much of English. Madam, it is true we did not make his young life pleasant. We did not offer to be comrades altogether (as we might have)! We laughed at him because of a something he carried always and kissed often—when, so thought he, we did not observe!

Day after day we were inactive in our trenches. Of a certain, the Boches were planning a greatness—! The men grew restive—Our dugouts, Madam, forty feet beneath the earth, are not idling spots of a comfort. We became, I regret, weary and dissatisfied—illness set in, but calm thru it all came the big brown English. Never a complaint or a dissatisfied remark. And, as usual, we thought him indifferent and surly.

But one evening there was a confusion in our line—another Englisher had come with messages which brought our inaction to an end. What followed—is not premissable to write to you Madam, only we may say the new Englisher led us up and over—the Boches? Ah, they were sleeping with but one eye! The shelling was of a frightfulness!—There were many brave hearts that cold dawning!—And we saw him in our midst, sickened with fright—unable to go on it seemed—some one of us stung him with a bayonet.

The Boches came at us—were driven back—one by one our brave poilos fell, but the new Englisher was still ahead—it was of no use—we were unable to make it—staggering and crawling what few of us there were regained our lines, the boy in our midst, dazed still, and unhurt.

Of a sudden some one raised a shout! The big Englisher! Where was he? On the field! One had seen him fall out there! What was to do?

Behold, it was doing! *He* sprang over the edge and straight thru the hell of fire he made his way to his countryman. Did the Boches stop firing at this so great act of heroism? No! The swine directed fire upon fire at the stooping, unarmed figure—stumbling thru shell craters and over fallen comrades, and slipping on the slimy soil he went, on into No Man's Land.

Breathless we watched him shoulder the limp figure and stumbling—blinded—half-falling, make his way back to us. In silence he came, and amid silence, Madam, he died. We had had no words.



We return, Madam, in all humility, to the object he so often kissed—your portrait. He rests in a peaceful old graveyard, far behind the lines. The greatest honor, just now that we could give him—a decent burial. Upon the little white cross are carved these words which mean to you in English: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

He is, and shall be forever, a hero to those who knew him and to those who hear of his so great deed. There is no way we now have of retraction—save to tell you, his mother, of our sin toward him.

We are, Madam, yours in sorrow,

His Comrades.

—*Betty Hardesty.*

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### FLOWER FANCIES.

I've often watched the hollyhocks, along the garden walk,  
And fancied they were faces, that smiled and liked to talk  
In whispers to each other, about a little child,  
Who, in that happy garden, many pleasant hours beguiled.

Sometimes they were fair ladies, high up a castle wall,  
Who watched their knights in battle, to see what fate befall.  
Or waited in the turrets, the brave returning line  
Of warriors, looking vainly for one shield and sign.

The white ones were fair maidens, who embroidered chosen arms;  
The crimson blooms were princesses, endowed with wondrous charms.  
The gorgeous, flaming coxcombs were the warriors riding by,  
And each glanced up, while riding, to catch his princess' eye.

These pink and stately ladies, in silks and laces rare,  
When the twilight shadows darkened, let down their silken hair,  
Then looked down, sweet and friendly, on a curious tip-toe child,  
Who watched them close their casements for the night, and wondering  
smiled.

—*Esther Thompson.*

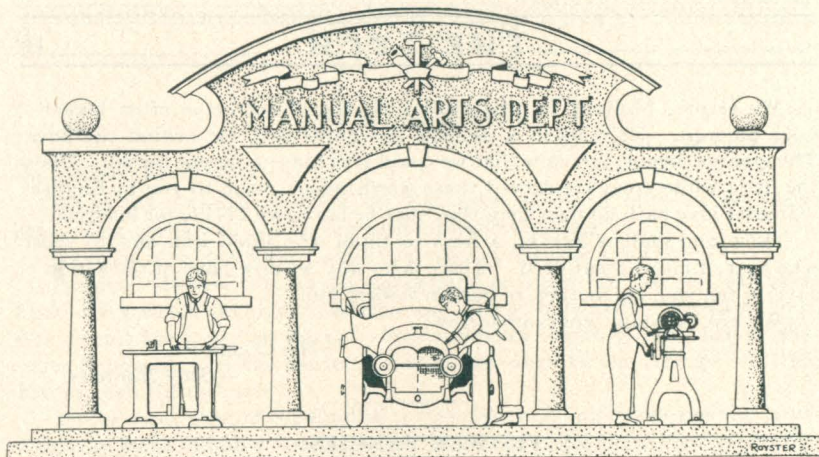
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### APRIL.

The voice of Spring has charmed our northern woods,  
And caused the trees to don a verdant mist;  
Lo, April, with her glad and tearful mood,  
Has waked the flowers, and left them rain-drop kissed.

—*Esther Thompson.*





Edited by Howard E. Kelly and Ernest R. Stotler.

### PLANNING A TRADE SCHOOL FOR BRAZIL.

The Brazilian Ambassador in Washington has asked Professor Bennett to plan a large trade school for the city of Rio De Janeiro. This request came about in a way that is very complimentary to the United States and incidentally to Bradley Institute.

At the present time Brazil is very much interested in stimulating its industrial development. As a means to this end several trade schools have been started in the cities of Southern Brazil, but none has yet been established in the capital city where there are now about 1,000,000 inhabitants. The prefect of Rio is an energetic man who is desirous of building a municipal school of trades which shall be worthy of the beautiful city of which he is so proud.

Because of this desire, and his friendly feeling toward the United States, he wrote to Ambassador de Gama at Washington requesting him to procure a plan of such a school. The Ambassador appealed to the U. S. Bureau of Education for advice, and the Bureau officials recommended the Bradley man to do the work. Mr. Bennett was called to Washington for consultation during the Easter vacation. He spent parts of two afternoons with the Ambassador, and two days gathering data at the Bureau of Education and the Department of Commerce, where he was given the fullest possible service of the experts who are acquainted with South American conditions. While in the East he visited Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and the Carnegie School of Technology at Pittsburg to study certain features of trade school organization and some of their recent equipments.

The tentative organization plan of the school was approved by Ambassador de Gama before Mr. Bennett left Washington. This will be developed in Peoria during the spring months, and then forwarded through the Ambassador to Brazil.

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Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.



**CONCERNING THE SOLDIERS.**

The men of military life have arrived at Bradley, and are now well started in their work. These men are from Illinois, with the exception of Chicago, and are made up partially of enlisted and partially drafted men. Their experience along technical lines is varied, some possessing more than average ability along mechanical work, while others are entering a new phase of life entirely.

A large part of the instruction will be given to the soldiers in the Manual Arts buildings, where four or five of the large rooms are turned over to their use. More information of this character is given elsewhere.

Due to the rearrangement of courses, some classes have been discontinued, and substitutes placed in their stead. The Normal class in Machine Shop work has now become a class in Sheet Metalworking. The class in carpentry having been discontinued, most of the students intending to take that work are now enrolled in the turning work under Mr. Johnson's supervision.

**MR. HURFF'S LECTURE.**

As has been customary, a class in carpentry was organized for the Spring Quarter, and many of the Normals availed themselves of the opportunity and registered for the subject. However, due to the coming of the soldiers and the consequent work of Mr. Hurff in instructing them, it was not possible for the regular students to receive the carpentry work, and the subject was discontinued.

Not wishing to disappoint the enrolled students, Mr. Hurff gladly offered to give a talk to them on the morning of Saturday, the 6th, concerning such phases of carpentry as are of greatest importance to ones beginning the trade. Mr. Hurff's offer was accepted by the students and about ten of them were present at the four-hour lecture. The points of interest taken up concerned saws and their filing, the steel square and its uses, stair building, window and door framing, roof construction, and familiar articles of hardware. The students gained much useful information during the short talk, and wish to extend their expressions of gratitude to Mr. Hurff for his time spent in their behalf.

**COMMERCIAL ART CLASS.**

There has been a new subject added to the Manual Arts curriculum, the object of which is to give students a training in art as particularly applied to commercial work. About fifteen students have enrolled in the class this quarter, and great interest is being taken in the work.

Several phases of the subject are studied. Some two or three week's time is devoted to lettering; then there will be a study of simple black and white in either pencil or ink, suitable for advertising purposes. The latter half of the quarter will be taken up in the study of work in halftones and color.

**DRAWING 15.**

In order that the content of the different courses in drawing may be more fully understood by those of the student body who are interested,



Mr. Wharry has consented to briefly state some of the facts regarding each of the courses. The following article is the second or third in the series.

"The course in Descriptive Geometry runs through the Winter and Spring Quarters. In the Winter Quarter the work relates to the solution of problems dealing with points, lines, and planes, and their locations in space. The Spring Quarter, in addition, takes up work in surfaces and solids.

"The course is valuable to those intending to follow up engineering as a profession, but it also has educative properties in that it develops clear and logical thinking and the ability to visualize spatial relations.

"This subject is sometimes referred to as a 'stiff' one, but it need not be so except to those who are unwilling to thoroughly ground themselves in the fundamental principles, and then reduce each problem to one or more of these fundamentals.

"An interesting discussion occurred one day as to what could occur at infinity. Someone asked what would happen 'beyond' infinity. Descriptive Geometry may be a serious subject but it is not without an occasional humorous aspect."

The formation of Camp Bradley and the new classes which are now to be held at Bradley Institute have caused some great changes about the Manual Arts Department. The greatest change, possibly, is that of the amount of equipment, which has been increased to accommodate about three hundred soldiers. Ninety of these men will be in the Manual Arts Department for from six to eight hours a day.

Mr. Hewitt will have twenty-five men in blacksmithing.

Twenty men will report to Mr. Hurff each morning for carpentry work. This work, however, is not to be thought of as anything like interior finish, as it is to be practical rough carpentry. It will include instruction in making trestle work, building bridges, barracks, trench reinforcements, etc.

Mr. Neill will have twenty-five men for six hours each day in gunsmithing. The ground to be covered by the course is such as to enable the soldier to do repair work of small firearms on the field with a kit of hand tools.

In the machine shop, twenty men are to be located, some of whom are already machinists, and these men will do general machine work. The class is to be placed in charge of Mr. Raymond for four hours a day and Mr. Phil Becker will have them the other four hours.

Dr. Swaim and Mr. Walsh have charge of forty men in electricity. This course gives a practical knowledge of the methods of field and house wirings and may be put to use in wiring trenches and camps, hospitals and barracks.

The remaining one hundred and seventy will be placed in charge of Mr. Westlake in the Horological Department and they will study the construction and repair of aneroid barometers, speedometers, oil gauges, clocks and many small instruments which are used about the aeroplane.

The necessary change in the equipment is most noticeable in the shops of Mr. Hurff and Mr. Neill. The latter shop is very well gone over and reorganized.



**THE BRADLEY MANUAL ARTS ASSOCIATION.**

As the number of teachers of Manual Training who have received their instruction at Bradley has increased, so has there grown the need of some organization for linking these teachers together and to their Alma Mater. However, it was not until the year of 1916 that any definite action was taken, and since that time much labor has been used in forming what is known as the Bradley Manual Arts Association.

The objects sought for and gained by this Association are many. Not only will there be a closer connection between the members and the school, but one of the chief activities will be the promoting of the professional interests of the teachers. Each member will also act as a representative of manual training in his particular locality and will forward to the proper officers such information as regards vacancies in positions, items of manual training interest, and lists of probable and desirable high school students who may be induced to take up the teaching profession. In this manner the Institute will act in the capacity of an agency for her alumni.

Those people eligible to membership in the organization may be either graduates or faculty members of the Manual Arts Department of the Institute. The dues are one dollar a year.

Each unit or class has now elected its secretary-treasurer, and the results are as follows:

- Class of 1906, Charles McNabey, Seattle, Wash.
- Class of 1907, Alma E. Nelson, Hibbing, Minn.
- Class of 1908, May E. Williams, Richmond, Ind.
- Class of 1909, Stella Shields, Santa Monica, Calif.
- Class of 1910, Lyman D. Rockwell, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
- Class of 1911, Samuel Blackburn, Denton, Texas.
- Class of 1912, Thomas W. Johnston, St. Louis, Mo.
- Class of 1913, Chas. W. Chance, Peoria, Ill.
- Class of 1914, William Reeser, Maywood, Ill.
- Class of 1915, Harry L. House, Metcalf, Ariz.
- Class of 1916, Gilbert Kaasa, Fergus Falls, Minn.
- Class of 1917, James B. Dennis, Detroit, Mich.

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**PATTERN MAKING.**

The class in advanced pattern making are doing some real work this quarter. They are making a pattern for a large face plate which is to be cast, machined and used on the large lathe at the west end of the machine shop. When this pattern is finished the class look forward to receiving of the drawings for a gas engine from Mr. Wharry's department for which they can make the patterns. These patterns are to be used in making the castings which are to be machined and assembled for use in the automobile department. The plan is to make the engine in such a way as to enable the use of a Ford cylinder head on it. This problem will require work in nearly all of the departments of the Manual Arts and is a good example of how a similar problem would be handled in a factory.



## AN ART EXHIBIT.

An exhibit of the works of art of former Bradley students and instructors was held on April 18, 19, 20, and 21. Owing to the occupation of the Social Hall by the soldiers, the work was displayed in the drawing room, No. 125. Many interesting pieces were to be seen, including:

Sixteen pencil sketches by Mr. Warner, of Peabody College.

Four pencil sketches by J. R. Frazier, formerly an instructor at Bradley.

Modern Art Handcraft, Catherine Cornelison, consisting of furniture and small furnishings.

Architectural Designs, by Hester Faber; Byzantine high altar; Roman room.

Oil sketches, by Prof. Bennett.

Furniture, designs made in Bradley shops.

Magazine covers, W. B. Humphrey.

Paintings, by Mr. Cowell.

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NOTES.

As the time approaches for the election of teachers for next year's work in the schools of the country, the outlook for those fitted to fill those positions becomes very satisfying. It seems that institutions are having a hard time getting men and women to fill the vacancies; hence Bradley, as well as the other similar schools, receive daily many calls for teachers. For example, one school board sent in a list of fifteen positions which it wished filled with desirable teachers.

It is interesting to note that the teachers preferred are those not likely to be called upon to render military service.

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In order that Bradley might profit by the experience of other schools in training soldiers, Mr. Siepert spent some time during the Spring vacation in visiting the Dunwoody Institute. That college has been training men for the army and navy for some time past, and it was in view of examining the methods employed there that the trip was undertaken.

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On account of the larger amount of work necessary to be done in connection with the soldiers stationed here, Mr. Siepert has found it necessary to discontinue his teaching of the Psychology classes. The services of Miss Fillmore, a new member of the Faculty, will make up the deficiency. Miss Fillmore is a graduate of Lawrence College, of Appleton, Wisconsin. Until accepting the position at Bradley, Miss Fillmore has been teaching in Wisconsin.

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A meeting of the Northeastern Iowa State Teachers' Association was held at Cedar Rapids on Friday, April 6th. Mr. Siepert was one of the speakers at this occasion. While he was at the meeting he met several former Bradley students, among whom were Miss Cation, Miss White, and Homer Couch.





# EDITORIAL



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THE TECH is published by the students of Bradley Polytechnic Institute on or about the third Thursday of each month. All copy should be in the hands of the editors by the fifth of the month to insure publication. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year if paid before January 1st, and \$1.25 thereafter. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions should be paid to manager only.

**LIBRARY FOR SOLDIERS** One of the greatest responsibilities of the government in the present struggle is the maintenance of army morale and the protection of army morals. The government found that the best way to meet this problem was to make reading material available for all men in camps and cantonments. The American Library Association has taken hold of the work and after an extensive campaign for books and money, has established libraries in practically every place where soldiers are stationed.

Bradley is to have an opportunity of helping in this great movement.



The School of Mechanics which our government has stationed at Bradley Polytechnic Institute and which is composed of six officers and three hundred soldiers, has need of reading material. Gifts of books and magazines will be greatly appreciated—if only one book from each person.

Experience in the libraries of the cantonments and camps indicate that our soldiers want books of great variety, but there are certain limitations. The following is suggested as to the books desired: Books of fiction for men, such authors as: O. Henry, Harold Bell Wright, Booth Tarkington, Zane Grey, Mark Twain, Oppenheim, Conan Doyle, Dumas, R. L. Stevenson, Jack London, Hopkinson Smith, and Bindlos. Books of poetry, travel, history, essays, biography, especially lives of heroes, and travels in the countries at war.

The very latest technical books on mechanics, aviation, electricity, telegraphy, submarines, automobiles, signaling, first aid and hygiene. The best books about the war, especially personal narratives. We want clean books, good editions, the more of these we get the better service we can give the men.

Fresh attractive magazines are desired, such as: Saturday Evening Post, American Magazine, System, Popular Mechanics, Harper's, Everybody's, Scientific American, Life, Literary digest, Metropolitan, Physical Culture, and if possible the magazines should be of recent dates.

Persons responding to this call for books can apply the test: "Would the men of my acquaintance enjoy this book?" If the answer is in the affirmative, it's a good book for Camp Bradley soldiers.

We cannot emphasize too greatly the need for this work. These young men are sacrificing their education, business, professional training and home life to serve their country. They need books and current magazines for study, recreation, and diversion in lonely moments. Why not select today the books which you are willing to give? Do not give worthless, unattractive books, but some of your good, fresh, interesting and valuable ones. At least one book should be supplied by each person.



## WINNING THE WAR IN AMERICA

—*Charles Bennett Foster.*

Washington today is the center of all our war work. It is here that all the plans are made. It is here that all the orders are issued and all reports are sent. In all the work made necessary by this greatest task our country has ever undertaken, there is much confusion and inefficiency caused by so many people trying to fill positions for which they have had no training. Here we find men who have given up positions paying salaries all the way up to \$50,000.00 a year and accepting positions to work for the Government in this war for anywhere from \$1.00 a year to \$200.00 or \$300.00 a month. These men are working from twelve to twenty hours a day—living on such food as they can get—which is sometimes poor—sleeping in crowded quarters, sacrificing all home ties and family life, to help win the war.

We find girls working diligently at all kinds of office work—eating in restaurants—sleeping eight and ten in a room—sacrificing social life, deprived of home comforts—all doing their best to win the war.

Every office building is over-crowded; the Government having taken most of the desirable buildings for its own use. It is almost impossible to secure a room in a hotel. Boarding houses are all crowded and nowhere except in the very high priced places is a room rented to less than two people. Traffic conditions are seriously overtaxed. It is a rare thing to see a gentleman seated in a trolley car. To leave the city by train, in either sleeper or chair car, reservation must be secured long in advance.

One cannot but be impressed by the seriousness expressed in the faces on the street. The determination, the earnestness, the enthusiasm is infectious; everyone catches the spirit that dominates the thought of every mind to win the war. It is not possible to be in the midst of all this rush and hustle without the wish to be part of it. It forces itself into the mind and into the heart of every man.

This is the spirit that has come to those who have learned the secret, those who are willing to do of their own free will, the thing that Germany has been compelled and forced to do by an Autocratic Government. They have learned that the success



of this war depends upon the elimination of personal ambition, the sacrificing of selfish interests, the obliteration of party lines in politics. The public notices to the effect that "Food will win the war—do not waste it," begins to have a new meaning. We are beginning to realize that we must really save food. We must be willing to work for just wages to live on; to have clothes only to cover our nakedness, to forego excess profit on not only war supplies, but all kinds of merchandise. We must be willing and ready, not only to send our boys, give our money, but if necessary, to make the supreme sacrifice of life itself, if we are to be successful in winning this struggle "To the end that the whole world may be free."

There is no other way. We cannot furnish the food, the clothing, the munitions, the ships and all the enormous quantities of all sorts of supplies needed, until every man, woman and child gets down to hard pan and makes a personal sacrifice. This thought is growing every day in the minds of the thoughtful men in Washington, and must spread out all over our land and become part of the life of every individual.

College students should realize, more than others, that our country has done much for us in the past. We have learned to lean on our Government. Now our country is calling for help and if our republican form of free government "for and by the people" is to endure, we must give all, if need be, to save our flag from dishonor. We who stay at home must back the boys going to the front with all we have and all we are, waiting for our reward until the time comes when we shall have a right to enjoy a lasting peace and plenty, because we have earned it by our sacrifice.

This idea of self-sacrifice, elimination of selfish ambition and the sinking of self-interest, is no new principle, no untried thing but a truism. It was used as the subject of the greatest sermon ever preached—advocated by the Greatest Teacher the world has ever known—has been read more and practised less than anything ever written.

This principle is not applicable to the winning of this war alone but to the success of any venture, any occupation or any business.

The question on every tongue is: When will this war end? The answer is: When our own people, in sufficient numbers submerge their own personal ends in the broader vision of national service.



# EXCHANGES

Edited by Leland Fleming.

## HOW ABOUT THIS FELLOWS? The Perfect Girl

The following are the attributes of the perfect girl, as seen through Harvard eyes. Some fifty bachelor graduates recently and after considerable discussion, agreed on them for the "girl that's worth while".

She is attractive, graceful, and healthy, but not necessarily pretty.

She can dress tastefully, and entertain anyone and make him feel at ease.

She can make bread as well as fudge, and cake as well as rerabit.

Her dancing is not necessarily the latest, her tennis is not necessarily up to standard, but she is appreciative of the dance and of the sports.

She is broad minded, sympathetic, tactful, unselfish, optimistic, thrifty, of good disposition, and moderate in all things.

She can stand reverses without worry.

She is gentle to children and kind to older people, especially to her parents.

She has good social standing, is of a religious nature, and is not "too proud to pray."

She is modest, and true and home-loving.

She has a broad education, but not necessarily a college one.

Here is what the Hedding Graphie says about the story "Ima Little Strong" in the Tech. "Ima Little Strong" in the Bradley Tech. surely proves that "girls will be girls", to paraphrase a well known saying. Read it, if you want lots of suspense and a good laugh.

Remember the wheatless day to keep it wholly.

Literary geniuses have their poems sadly twisted to meet changing conditions. For instance: The famous statement.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—

The saddest are: It might have been

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—

The saddest are: He flunked again.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—

The saddest are: We have no men.

—Ex.

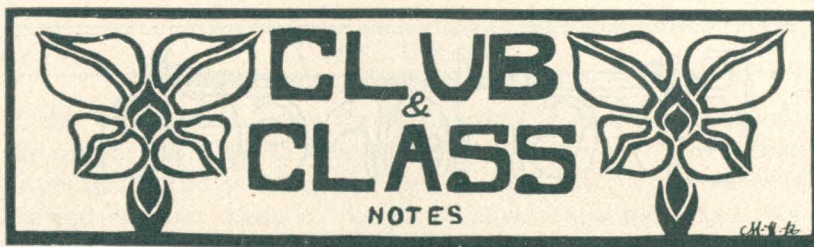
Two British soldiers went into a restaurant at Salonica and asked for Turkey with Greece. The waiter said, "I'm sorry but I can't Servia."

Whereupon the Tommies cried, "Fetch the Bosphorus."

When that gentleman arrived and heard the complaint, he said, "Well gentlemen, I don't want to Russia, but you cannot Roumania."

And so the two Tommies had to go away Hungary.





Edited by Booth Williamson.

#### FRENCH CLUB.

Many weeks ago, so long ago in fact that we have forgotten the date, French Club held a meeting which we hasten to record for the delectation of whom it may concern.

Camille Mahannah read a paper on the present relations of France with the United States which, deducting from her remarks, are about as cordial as could be desired. The fact was also brought out of America's debt to La Fayette which is rapidly being paid off and many times over at present in American lives on the fields of Europe.

Lucile Cook related some of the events in the unhappy life of Marie Antoinette; those particularly centering about the revolution, and read from Dumas' book, "The Storming of the Bastille", illustrating graphically the childlike incompetence of the poor, spoiled, Austrian princess.

Frances Beecher favored the company with a beautiful violin number, well rendered, and well received.

Afterwards, a few members gathered about the table to indulge in that thrilling game of authors, but conducted in French with superb politeness, and thus rendered harmless.

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#### ENGLISH CLUB.

With their reputation for sober piety acting as a counterbalance, English Club members have taken up a topic for study, new and untried to be sure, but which, judging from the enthusiasm with which it has been begun, holds considerable interest for all. It is nothing more or less than a study of contrasts between short stories published in magazines of the better type, and those of periodicals rather notorious than great. For example, at the last meeting, April 10th, a story entitled "The Red Corpuscule", taken from a magazine of "vitalized v!ction", was read and approved (?) by the club. Upon Ulla Graner devolved the task of reading the thrilling tale, which by the way had been previously read, censored, and prepared for presentation before a club of such untarnished morals, by Miss Comfort. Geraldine Mars then read a story by Mary Heaton Vorse appearing in the current issue of Harper's Magazine, "Huntington's Credit". A discussion was then held over the respective merits of the two stories and sentiment seemed to frown on the "Red Corpuscule" type, since it was decided that at the next meeting stories should be chosen from magazines such as, for instance, the "American" and "Atlantic Monthly", a conservative move which, we risk a guess in stating, belies the real sentiment of the members who, unless we are much mistaken, have a sort of sneaking interest in the lurid tales of which we have been given a taste only sufficient to whet our innocent appetite for more.



**BRADLEY-KNOX DEBATE.**

After the well deserved successes of the Bradley debating teams last year, Coach Collins began to look for some school or other which he thought worthy of expending the full powers of an ambitious ability upon. Should Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia or "good old Siwash" be the victim? All but the latter of these were rejected and it was decided to send a challenge to Knox, a college long noted for great achievements in scholastic competitions of this sort. The challenge was sent and accepted, teams were selected and started immediately to prepare for a battle, and on the evening of April 11th the stage was set for the fray. Before a good audience made up largely, strange to say, of Bradley students, the question resolved, "That the United States shall hereafter maintain a system of Universal Military Service modeled after that of Switzerland," was argued up and down for about an hour and a half with the result of an unanimous victory for the affirmative.

About the only disappointment of the evening came when Prof. Comstock announced that the Knox delegation was the representative of the sophomore class and not the varsity team, for all were confident that they would have been disposed of as neatly as were the three gentlemen who were that night defeated in such thorough fashion. It must not be said, however, that the victory was complete annihilation for the vanquished; quite the contrary, for at the conclusion of the debate it was doubtful as to which side had really won owing to the fact that both teams were particularly strong in rebuttal.

Stanley Anderson was by far the most effective speaker of the negative judging from the standpoint of both argument and delivery. He was ably supported by his colleagues, Joseph Townsend and Lester Welty, however, and the fact that they had the unpopular side of the question should be set down in their favor.

As for the affirmative, Wynd started the ball rolling and finished landing right side up and on both feet. He was followed by Saffir, also. Saffir proved the surprise of the occasion and with excellent style and convincing arguments proved himself a debater of real ability. Then came Campbell, the only member of last year's college team, who summed up and drove home the concluding arguments for the affirmative. His style, as that of his colleagues, was forceful, his arguments logical and convincing. About him had been built up the entire system of offensive and by his whole-souled enthusiasm he won the commendation of all.

When the news of the defeat of Bradley negative team at Knox reached the school by 'phone there was general grief, as high hopes had been placed in Battles, Vonachen and Truesdale, but we rejoice in the fact that they were defeated only by a two to one score and think ourselves justified in counting the whole debate as a victory for Bradley.



Readers of The Tech will undoubtedly be interested in knowing of the meeting held by the Arts and Crafts Club March 15th, 1918, in the Chemistry Lecture Room.

Almost every member of the Club being present it made every one feel as tho Bradley were increasing in loyalty and college spirit rather than declining.

The meeting was opened with interesting talks on Ionian and Italian Art, given by four young ladies, members of the Arts and Crafts.

Mr. Charles T. Thrine also gave one of the most inspiring talks of the season on Peloponesian Art and interesting paintings were shown by means of lantern slides.

After this session a socialistic gathering took place in the gymnasium, in which Mr. Ray Woiseskey took pleasure in furnishing classical music for a dance. Every one danced and had a glorious time with the exception of three extremely modest young men who each had on a pair of Kinne's \$2.98 gaiters which were a little undersized and furnished not overly much comfort to the wearers.

However at the close of the evening they took part in the candy pulling match in true democratic style. After this a hearty welcome was extended to each and every member of the club, urging them to be present at the next meeting.

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Fat Ernest—"You are the breath of life to me."

C. Daily—"Well, suppose you hold your breath a while."

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Helen—"I'm not taking gym this year."

Herb—"Who are you taking?"

---

Peacock—"How many quarters are there in a football game."

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Miss Harvey—"Give some source of salt."

A. Summers—"Salt Lake City."

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# Domestic Science Notes

Edited by Emily Bennett and Grace Ainslie.

## THE NEW LUNCH ROOM PLAN

Bradley Institute has loyally contributed a part of her buildings and grounds to a company of United States soldiers. With the advent of these soldiers comes many changes. Only two of these changes affect the students of the Institute, the loss of the gymnasium and lunch-room.

The barracks are to be in the gymnasium and the mess-hall in the former cafeteria. Anyone, no matter how loyal he may be, will regret the loss of a lunch-room, where a hot lunch always awaited him at noon. But many things have to be sacrificed in times of war.

The school has made arrangements for about one hundred persons to eat in the cooking rooms. These rooms are mainly for the out-of-town students who must buy the whole of their lunch. Then, in the basement, a lecture room has been made over into a lunch room for the students who bring their lunch.

Additional items such as ice-cream and hot chocolate were to be served in this room but the plan was not satisfactory because of the varying amounts consumed. Some days they were in great demand and at other times they were wasted.

Every girl in the domestic Science course must do a certain amount of quantity cooking. This has always been done in the cafeteria under the supervision of the head cook. Now the girls are doing the work in their own classes and the food prepared is sold at noon. Two gas burners have been installed in the room to keep the food hot.

Individual outsiders who grumble when asked to sacrifice something or other should come to Bradley and see the spirit in which teachers and students alike are adjusting themselves to these new changes.

—Carmen Morris.

---

## MESS

Miss Day planned to appease our curiosity and to give us a taste of army cooking the other day, by letting us have mess in the mess-hall the noon before the soldiers took possession. A line reaching over half the length of the hall gave evidence of our appreciation.

New, long, narrow tables with boards attached have taken the place of our bulkier tables and chairs, wash tubs for washing dishes (Miss Day said rinsing also) have been placed at the end of the room, and white capped chefs preside over the steamtable. The kitchen has several new pieces of equipment to meet the increased duties, a large ice chest reaching to the ceiling, a potato peeler, a large meat grinder and a bread slicer.

---

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.



Miss Day recently visited Aeronautics school at the University of Illinois and Camp Herring (in East Peoria) to learn how these camps arrange for the feeding of their soldiers.

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY ENGLISH CLASS

An interesting class, which has been formed this quarter is the English and Domestic Science class. This class is composed of only Senior Domestic Economy girls. The subjects for themes and general discussion are along Home Economics lines, especial emphasis being placed upon conservation of food.

#### DEMONSTRATION

Miss Percival of the University of Illinois visited Bradley on Tuesday and gave a very interesting demonstration on meat substitutes. This was attended by the senior normal girls, who are especially interested in conservation topics at the present time.

#### HERBIE HOOVER

Little Herbie Hoover's come to our house to stay,  
To make us scrape the dishes clean, an' keep the crumbs away,  
An' learn us to make war bread, an' save up all the grease,  
For the less we eat of butter, the sooner we'll have peace.  
An' all us other children, when our scanty meal is done,  
We gather up around the fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-listenin' to the proteins that Herbie tells about,  
An' the Calories that get you

Ef

You

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Herbie Hoover says, when the fire burns low  
An' the vitamins are creepin' from the shadows, sof' and slow,  
You better eat the things the Food Folks says they's plenty of,  
An' cheat the garbage pail, an' give all butcher's meat the shove,  
An' gobble up the corn pone an' veg'tables an' fish,  
An' save your drippin' an' yer sweets an' lick clean ever' dish,  
An' don't get fresh a-talkin' of what you won't do without,  
Or the Calories 'll get you

Ef

You

Don't

Watch

Out!

—Sophie Kerr, in *Life*.





Edited by Mary Beeman.

Harry Jones, 1917, has completed his course in the aviation school at St. Paul, Minnesota, and has been designated as a Liberty motor ignition instructor. This position is one requiring proficiency in technical skill and puts Mr. Jones in a position for splendid service in connection with the aviation section of the war. He expects to be sent over soon.

John H. Friese, 1914, who was stationed for a short time at Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, has been sent to Langley Field, the Government's aeronautical experiment station at Hampton, Virginia. Sergeant Friese has been assigned to the post carpenter's shop in the quartermaster's corps.

The Bradley Club at the University of Chicago held its annual banquet at Fort Dearborn Hotel on Saturday evening, March 2, 1918. About thirty of Bradley's alumni were present. The menu and place cards were attractively decorated with the Bradley banner and seal. An interesting program of toasts was given with Mr. John Roberts, the president of the club, introducing the toastmaster, Mr. Edwin F. George. Mr. George was once a member of the Bradley English department and so was Dr. Thomas A. Knott, who also gave a toast. Miss Beatrice Tucker gave a very good talk. The principal address of the evening was given by Dr. C. T. Wyckoff. His subject was, "The Historic Background of the War." The program closed with the singing of the "Bradley Alma Mater."

Miss Margaret Burner, 1916, has accepted the position as teacher of Spanish in the Whitewater Normal School at Whitewater, Wisconsin.

Miss Stella Wheeler, 1915, has resigned her position as teacher in the Peoria public schools and has accepted a clerical position in the department of the Surgeon General at Washington, D. C.

Miss Margaret Waters, 1910, who after leaving Bradley has held positions in Battle Creek, Michigan, University of North Dakota, and with the Cash Register Co. of Dayton, Ohio, is now second steward in the University of Wisconsin. During the coming summer she will teach Institutional Marketing and other allied subjects of Institutional Housekeeping.

Miss Lillian Miller, 1915, was married on the fifth of last February in Des Moines, Iowa, to Mr. Everett M. Brennan. Mr. Brennan graduated from the Horological School in 1915. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan are living at Estherville, Iowa.





Edited by Gertrude Hoagland.

Tuesday, March 12th, the Omicron Kappa Kappa Kappa held their monthly meeting at the home of Miss Lucille Cook, North Glenwood Avenue.

Miss Esther Stowell entertained the active chapter of Omicron Tri Kappa with an afternoon tea, Friday, March 15th.

The Alpha Pi fraternity gave a stag party, Saturday night, March 16th. The young men enjoyed the Apollo in the first part of the evening and later went to the Illinois Sugar Bowl. Those present were: Howard Kelly, Jay Covey, Maynard Stureman, Graham Battley, David Dunlop, Carl Griesser, and Reginald Packard.

Walter Brunswick was formally initiated into the Sigma Phi fraternity, Monday, March 18th.

Friday evening, March 22nd the Alpha Pi fraternity held their annual banquet at the Creve Coeur Club. Carl Griesser acted as toastmaster and called upon the following fraternity men: John Snyder representing the alumni and David D. Dunlop, the actives. Dr. Packard gave a most pleasing talk on "Alpha Pi past and present." The guests included: Dr. and Mrs. Packard, Misses: Helen McGill, Nina Miller, Gertrude Sehm, Muriel Morgan, Helen Wilson, Grace Hoagland, Maude Berger and Eunice Daly. Messrs. Mark Cowell, Leonard Putnam, David Dunlop, Carl Griesser, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, Reginald Packard, and John Snyder.

The Delta Kappa sorority entertained in honor of Miss Adeline Wyatt, March 26th. The party went to the Orpheum and later to Block and Kuhl's for lunch. The guests included: Misses Adeline Wyatt, Josephine Miles, Francis Wood, Mary Misner, Evelyn Wendell, Louise Chandler, Berniece Boblett, Verniece Goodrich, Ida Iben, Lois Wysong, and Ruth Drysdale.

On Wednesday, March 27th, Miss Olga Godel entertained a number of her friends with a knitting party at her home on Knoxville Avenue. Refreshments were served around an attractively decorated table. Those present were: Misses Vera McClellan, Clara Henry, Evelyn Hakes, Emily Bennett, Ulla Graner, Pauline Pollard, Mabel Kersey, Olga Godel, and Florence Coale.

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Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.



John Weston entertained his brother Sigma Phis' with a smoker at his home, Tuesday night, March 19th. Everybody had a fine time. Those present were Orwood Campbell, Donald Murphy, Robert Lackland, Ed. Jacquin, Floyd Moore, Ralph Rogers, Castle Zartman, John Sheehan, Jim Williams, Walter Brunswick, and Gus Kupper.

On Saturday afternoon, March 30th, Mrs. Dorsey entertained with a knitting party for her daughter, Addie, a former Bradley student. Dainty refreshments were served. The guests included: Misses Marjorie Rhoades, Hertha Herbeline, Chicago, Gladys Buser, Marguerite Galbraith, Marian Hadfield, Adeline Wyatt, Gladys Glasgow, Mary Misner, Gladys Hanna, Helen Hadfield Moselle Kinch, Ruth Hayward, Ruth Stoneburner, and Gertrude Hoagland.

Laughton Paul was pledged Sigma Phi, April 1st, 1918.

Tuesday, April 2nd, the active chapter of the Lambda Phi sorority held a meeting at the home of Miss Marian Hadfield. After the meeting light refreshments were served.

The active chapter of the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority held a meeting at the home of Miss Clarissa Wiggins, Tuesday April 2nd. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent in knitting.

"Swede" Weston is back at Bradley after two quarters absence.

Miss Berniece Boblett entertained the active chapter of the Delta Kappa sorority at their regular fortnightly business meeting, Wednesday, April 3rd.

Friday, April 5th, the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority had an Indoor Picnic at Bradley Park. Although it was cold out doors, a lovely grate-fire made the room cozy. A spread was followed by knitting and later by a business meeting.

The Lambda Phi sorority entertained Misses Adeline Wyatt and Gladys Glasgow at the Majestic Theatre Saturday afternoon, April 6th. After the performance the party enjoyed refreshments at the Sugar Bowl. Those present were: Misses Gladys Glasgow, Adeline Wyatt, Marjorie Fell, Ahna Wieting, Doris Peterson, Marion Hadfield, Sarah Chase, and Gladys Hanna.

Monday, April 8th, the alumnae and active chapters of the Lambda Phi sorority met at the home of Miss Ruth Stoneburner. The afternoon was spent in sewing for the Associated Charities. Light refreshments were served.

Miss Adeline Wyatt was the guest of honor at a theatre party and luncheon given by the Delta Kappa sorority, April 13th. The guests included:

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Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.



Misses Josephine Miles, Adeline Wyatt, Verniece Goodrich, Francis Wood, Evelyn Wendell, Mary Misner, Louise Chandler, Mildred McCoy, and Anne Sutton.

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The Lambda Phi sorority entertained with a spread at the home of Miss Marian Hadfield, April 13th. Miss Gladys Glasgow was the guest of honor. The party later enjoyed the picture at the Apollo. Those present were: Misses Gladys Glasgow, Marian Hadfield, Gladys Hanna, Moselle Kinch, Helen Hadfield, Ahna Wieting, Doris Peterson, Sarah Chase, Helen Chase, and Gertrude Hoagland.

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Lambda Phi held a meeting at the home of Miss Gladys Hanna on Knoxville Avenue, Tuesday, April 16th. After the meeting refreshments were served.

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Howard Kelly was pledged Sigma Phi, April 19th.

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"A woman came into the hospital the other day and she was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down her back."

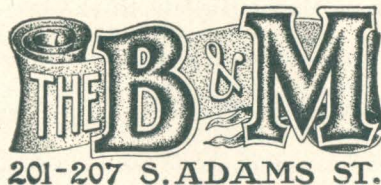
"You couldn't do anything for her, could you?"

"Yes, indeed, we treated her for bacteria."

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## **A Misses' Shop** ON OUR THIRD FLOOR

Where young ladies and misses can secure those girlish styles that are so becoming to Miss Sixteen and Seventeen. In fact we are making a special effort to secure the very best and latest styles for young folks in ready-to-wear and how well we are meeting with success we want you to judge for yourself. Visit our Suit, Coat Skirt, Blouse, Corset, and Sweater sections on our Third Floor.



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Call Main 4002, THE HOLLY STUDIO, for private parties.



# ATHLETICS



Editor Dean Battles

## ATHLETIC DIRECTORY.

<i>Captain</i>	<i>Sport</i>	<i>Manager</i>
E. Doubet	Football	Harry Brady
H. Vonachen	Basketball	Philip Becker
E. Doubet	Baseball	C. Salzenstein
Not chosen	Track	Dean Battles
None	Inter-Mural	Herbert White
None	Tennis	Donald Murphy

## ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

### Faculty.

Theodore C. Burgess  
 Jos. S. Bickle  
 Fred C. Brown  
 Verne F. Swain

### Student Body.

Lower Academy, Robt. McCormick  
 Higher Academy, Vacant  
 College, F. Becker  
 Girls A. A., R. Hayward

Horological, Vacant

### Alumni

Edward F. Stock

## BASEBALL LEAGUE A BIG FEATURE

For several years it has been the hope of many students that a baseball league might be established. Each year there has been a tennis tournament and for two or three years one in golf. This year the long watched for baseball tourney has been developed in our present league.

So far there have been four games all of which have been really interesting. The fourth game however, was the one which caused the keenest excitement. This match was between the teams of Doubet and Rogers.

From the first inning it was seen that it would be a close game and many of the students stopped to watch. Doubet was pitching for his team with Catlin behind the mask. The new star, Joe Maxon, was hurling the sphere for Rogers who was attempting to stop the bombardment. At the end of the ninth inning the score was three all. Three extra innings were played and finally Maxon succeeded in finding a good finer hole in the ball and captured Doubet's goat with a final score of four to three.

## Varsity Nine

All the time that the men are showing their ability in the league games, Coach Brown is not idle in getting a line on men who will go to Charlestown to bring home first place for Bradley in the tournament to be held there May eleventh and twelfth.



Our prospects are very good and there are several good men for pitchers. Doubet, the well known basketball star is out for this place and so also is Joe Maxon, a new man from Rochelle. From all reports he will soon be a first-class man. Zartman is showing up well on second and Myer on third. Our old friend Johnnie Shehan is doing good work on first and it appears now as though he would be able to make a place for himself on the team.

#### TENNIS

This year this sport is to be resumed and from all appearances will be more enthusiastically supported than ever before. The schedule for the tournament has been arranged and it is hoped that the courts will be ready soon.

There will be the regular tennis match at the time of the intercollegiate track meet.

The girls have elected Frances Beecher as their manager and she has already started work on interesting meets for the season one of which is the one with Millikin.

#### GOLF

This sport is to be gone into more extensively than in any previous year. Robert McCormick was elected manager and he is working out as interesting tourney. There will be in addition to the tennis games in connection with the Intercollegiate, a golf tournament to be staged at Madison Park.

#### MILITARY

The military training was started for this year, the first week of the Spring Quarter. It is being carried out much the same as it was last year with only a few changes.

During the quarter there will be drilling from four to five thirty each Wednesday. The work will be more thorough this year and less ground will be covered. Coach Martin is in charge and he is exacting much more efficiency than was shown last year. Although no real guns are being used as was stated in last month's issue, our men are showing a fine spirit.

#### TRACK

In addition to his work on military drill, Coach Martin is exerting his efforts on the track team.

Our indoor meet was called off by Coach Herke on account of a lack of interest in track at Peoria High and not by Bradley. The interscholastic was also called off for very good reasons.

The Greater Peoria meet which has been an annual event for many years looks now as though it would not take place on account of a lack of interest at the two high schools.

Notwithstanding these disappointments, a track meet between Bradley, Averyville, Pekin and one or two neighboring high schools is in the making. Also there is a meet every Friday and probably there will be one or more with the soldiers.



### THE INTERCOLLEGIATE

The annual intercollegiate meet will be held this year at Bradley. This meet should draw large crowds from the student body and outsiders as it is the one big meet of the year.

In this most of the schools of the Little Nineteen will be represented and in all probability some records will be broken. This year it is that the hand grenade might be added as an event and it ought to create great interest.

We have several men who are showing up well and who are working hard. Sandstrom is doing the pole vault and jumps with considerable success and Myer is also a star on jumping. Our old friends Henry Whittick and the Sommers twins although academy men, are showing good form.

Be sure to come to the meet and bring your friends.

### AT THE OPENING OF THE QUARTER.

Student—"What are you doing over here in the Manual Arts building, Gordon?"

Grick—"Oh, I came over here to take 'forgery'."

Vera S. to Vera K.—"How does it feel to be in love? Does it itch?"

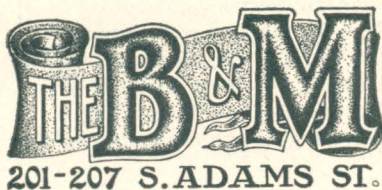
### ADVICE TO BEGINNERS IN SHOP WORK.

Don't use floor oil for hair tonic because the label says it's good for woodwork.

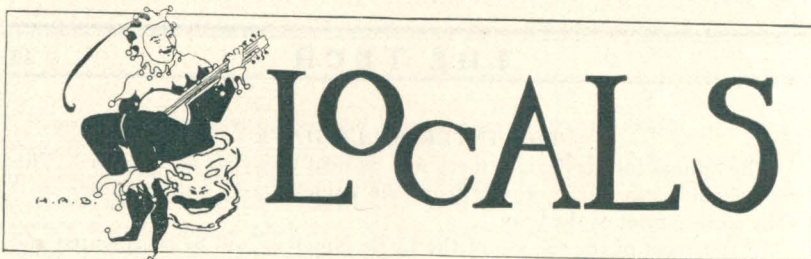
## STYLES

*THAT YOUNG MEN LIKE  
—ONCE THEY SEE THEM*

It isn't hard to please a young man's fancy when you can show him the snappy, smart styles we have in our young men's clothes shop. There are striking military styles and some very "peppy" and athletic high waisted models. And then the fabrics and colorings are so engaging that there are few young men who will escape from a complete admiration of these clothes. You'll like them, once you see them and we cordially invite you to visit us.







Edited by Herbert B. White and Nina Keith.

Fresh—"I'm trying hard to get ahead."

Junior—"You sure need it."

Ged—I'm selling some of my themes to a company in St. Louis,

John—Is that right?

Ged—Yes, a waste paper company.

They went into a movie show

In time to see it start,

And prim, precise, and proper quite

They sat this far

apart.

But, oh, the hero wooed the girl—

Twice, oh, he stole a kiss,

And when the lights came on again,

They sat close up like this. —Ex.

Miss C.—Lamb is a writer who appeals to the reader's appetite.

L. C.—How about Bacon?

The German soldiers must be nuts—

The French are shelling them.

Say Dean, what are you polishing your shoes for? I thot they were patent leather.

D. B.—They are, but the patent has expired.

#### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Fitting glasses to a potatoe's eyes?

Putting ideas into the head of a nail?

Sewing with the thread of a plot?

Making sugar with heart beats?

Packing a tree trunk?

Fastening garters to a garden hose?

Finding the seat of a dog's pants?

Planting electric light bulbs?

Mowing grass on coffee grounds?

Doctoring pneumonia in a tool chest?

Hunting the drum of an ear of corn?

Catching for a water pitcher?

Listening for the bark of an oak?



## Oh! Boy! Twins?



Just look at the blot on this sheet. Human beings? Who said human beings? Shame on you for your ignorance, they are only Ostwald and Eldo, who hailed here three years ago from the state where mormons grow. They are almost alike except Ostwald couldn't raise a mustache and Eldo has corns.

The trouble is that due to the scarcity of girls in Peoria, the famous gink hitherto known as Edwin Josephine Summer has been forced to go to Pekin in quest of a girl and lo and behold, the boy comes home with a moist

——little silk handkerchief. "Dont you know nothin' or was you always that way?"

The other, the boy that likes to kid with the girls and then never boasts of being in love, is the notorious Alvin Henriette, before spoken of as Eldo. After looking at this picture a while you are of the mind, if you have any, that these two sweet little innocent **darlinks** have changed much in beauty, except that their new suits are not alike.

For two more peppy fellows you must look a long way, since this species of savage often overcome by halucinations is hard to find and when found; Oh! Boy? So take it from one who knows, these are real fellows in every sort of activity and you wont find a better pair of twins any where.

Me—Have you heard of that wonderful new French car?

You—No, what's it called?

Me—It's called the Flivvah!

## "HONEY"

I've beamed when you hollered "Oh Girlie",  
 I've hopped when you bellowed "Oh, say",  
 I've fallen for "Dearie" and "Missus",  
 And everything else till today.  
 But there's one thing that's got to be different  
 From now till the great war is done—  
 Unless you're prepared for a riot,  
 You've got to stop calling me "Hun."

—Exchange.

Beggar—"Will youse give a poor blind man a dime?"

Summers—"But you can see out of one eye."

Beggar—"Oh, well, make it a nickel then."



**HEARD IN ALGEBRA 1-A.**

Mr. Bickle—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Al Fuller—"Well it covers the ground doesn't it?"

Battles—"Do you support the Tech?"

G. H. Hotkiss—"I don't have to, it has a staff."

**NOTHING DOING.**

Mr. Bickle—"How many problems did you work last night."

Al Fuller—"Oh! I don't count them."

Mr. Bickle—(Looking at paper) "Why there aren't any here."

Al Fuller—"That's why I couldn't count them."

**AMEN!**

Peacock—"What's the matter with Doc. Wyckoff's eyes."

Al Fuller—"They are all right so far as I know."

Peacock—"Why when I went to his office this afternoon, he asked me twice where my cap was, and it was on my head all the time."

**"IVORY"****Heard in Bugology**

Teacher—"Who can describe a caterpillar."

Ivory Whittick—"It's an upholstered worm."

**HEARD IN PHYSICS.**

Doc. Swain—"Can you name something that does not freeze."

Tucker—"Yes Sir. Hot water."

**WE KNOW IT.**

Doc. Wyckoff—"The student who sings is always happy."

Out of Town—"Yes, but how about his room mate?"

P. S. Heard in the Hall.

**GOOD NIGHT!**

Doc Wyckoff—"So you wish to drop Latin?"

Al Fuller—"Yes Sir."

Doc W.—"Why?"

A. F.—"It's the language of the dead."

Doc. W.—"Is that any reason?"

A. F.—"Yes, I don't intend to be an undertaker."

**HEARD IN COVEY'S CLASS.**

Said A 2 B

I C U R

Inclined 2 B A J

Said B 2 A

Ur Mind I C

Shows signs of slight D K.



Noah perhaps had the first navy, but Jonah had the first submarine.—*Ex.*

A woman, after hearing a conservation lecture, some weeks later wrote to Hoover saying, "I have saved a slice of bread each day and now have two baskets full. What shall I do with it?"

When Peacock left home, dad told him if he ever needed to telegraph him, to make it brief and to the point. The other day dad got this telegram:—"S. O. S., S. R. S. V. P., P. D. Q."

John—Should you say a hen is setting or sitting?

Gus—That doesn't interest me at all, what I want to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she is laying or lying.

When the mule saw the zebra  
He began to switch his tail.  
Well, I never, was his comment  
Here's a mule that's been in jail.  
—*Ex.*

"Willie, your teacher's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was head of the school?"

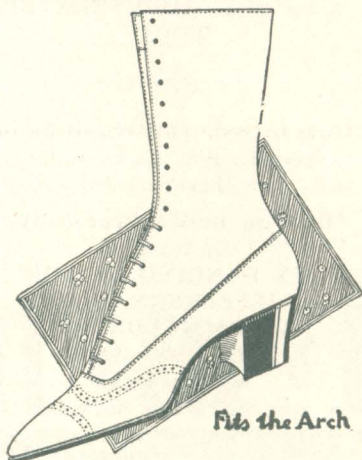
"Yes, pa; and when he was your age he was president of the United States."

"Why do those girls hate you so?"

"I once told them they were exactly alike."

"Say, Casey, did you ever make an idiot of yourself over a woman?"

"An idiot, is it? Sure, I've made myself an insane asylum."



## MILITARY BOOTS

FOR  
DRESS AND SCHOOL  
WEAR

Gray Kid, Fieldmouse, Tan  
Russia and Gun Metal

KEPLER'S

121 S. Adams

403 S. Adams



Circulation  
Never  
Abnormal

# The Mocking Bird

Circulation  
Always  
Normal

VOL. 1

Bradley, April 30, 1918.

No. 6

## PLOT EXPOSED

### Attempt to Ruin Bradley.

#### L. Fleming Discloses Plot To Ruin Food Supply

The quick work of Mr. Fleming saved B. P. I. students from a famine. By the use of some unknown power he succeeded in killing the great lunch room, namely those dirty ——— little ants. It has been rumored that German agents induced these beautiful little Germans to poison our Grub.

Many are the thanks to Leland. People think of this great deed and hold his hand in expression of your heart-felt thanks.

#### DEAD

Ants, not aunts, but ants. Buried many times in the stomachs of our most missed class mates.

Buy a BIG Bond and Help Kill Kaiser Kultur.

#### FOR SALE

A complete set of note books and papers.

(Since Owen's talk my conscience hurts).

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

J. T.

#### HEART FAILURE POPULAR Many Cases Reported

There have been numerous complaints by B. P. I. girls. It was at first thought to be a plot on the part of the deutchmann but we find much to our joy, that when Collin left Bradley many hearts went with him. We certainly wish that he might have stayed so that this suffering might have been avoided.

#### Why Don't You Enter The GRAND CONTEST

##### Valuable Prize Worth 7c given for the best answer

Is Professors Raymonds' Car a car or not a car?

If a car. What car?

First Prize donated by Jac.

##### ONE BEER CHIP.

##### Second Donated by Truesdale THREE TOOTHPICKS

Made of UNADULTERATED  
WOOD

#### (Guaranteed to be second-hand.)

See Mr. Bob. Lackland for  
Particulars.

#### Do You Dance Gracefully?

I can teach you

##### MY DANCING AT THE JEFFERSON IS MY RECOMMENDATION

Prices \$.50 to \$1.00

M. Stureman

Ask Any Girl What it Means To  
Dance With Me.



# EDITORIAL HANG-OUT

Entered in the Ash Can

Dave Dunlop. .... Editorial Chef  
Ed. Jacquin. .... Business Bungler  
H. Vonachen ..Assassinating Editor  
Ed. Daly .....Society

## Editorial

### THE WEATHER.

I, David Darius Dunlop, the twentieth century wonder in the world of chemistry, etc., etc., etc., do hereby scold myself for lack of attention to say will you ever learn to let me alone Jay Covey?

Now you made me forget her name. Oh well I should worry. Now my advice to you good public, is that you should each buy a piece of crepe. So listen, my children and you shall all be great men some day.

### OVERTON HAS ADVENTURE

While attending a chapel meeting he found that he had a more important engagement at the tailor's.

He hurriedly left mid jeering and laughter of the student body.

### NOTICE.

Nurse girls were not necessary. The girls so far are not in love with any of the soldiers. I tell you Zartie, you sure saved her when you prayed.

## SOCIETY

(Consider a picture of some pretty girl as being placed here.)

Ann Sutton will learn to whistle to overcome lithping.

Tonight, I, the editor of this department, will not have a date since I have had no bid.

A week ago next Saturday, several couples had a steak fry at Block and Kuhl's. Weather delightful.

### DO YOU KNOW

Where to find Jacquin at noon?

Who Walt. B. goes with?

When Murphy sleeps?

What Covey does not?

Which shirt Zartman has on?

(Any girl correctly answering all above questions will be admitted into the Gossip Club).

### ATHLETICS

There is no need in our stating that Fred Damman will challenge any girl in school when it comes to a foot race because Freddie says that he runs like a **dear**.

Peacock, since he is a high flyer should be a wonder at the pole vault, though he has much competition in the person of Salzenstine.

**Girls to hold their gym. classes**  
**Out-doors.** Boys not allowed.

# Welte & Wieting

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS.

112 S. Adams St.

Peoria, Ill.



Rogers in Block & Kuhl—"Just my luck! Out goes the lights. Everybody else is filling their pockets and me in the grand piano dept."

Kelly and his room mate both wanted to be up first on St. Patrick's Day.  
Howard—"If I'm up first, I'll make a chalk mark on the door."  
Room mate—"And if I get up first, I'll rub it out."

Mr. Kohler in Math—"On this end there's an end, and on the other end there isn't any end."

Witlick—"What's the day before Good Friday?"  
Wynd—"Thursday, I think."

**INQUISITIVE QUIZ.**

If U eat Q cumbers with milk, will they W up?

HAVE YOU ORDERED  
YOUR

**POLYSCOPE**

Only a limited number left. See Business Manager  
Donald Murphy about it

**AT ONCE**

Price \$2.00.

**HATTERS**

**FURNISHERS**

**Muchmore Bros.**

317 MAIN ST.

WE ARE SHOWING ALL THE NEW SPRING GOODS  
FOR YOUNG MEN



Two Good Places to Eat  
AT HOME AND AT THE

## *La Palma Cafeteria*

111 North Jefferson Avenue

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### *SAVE COAL*

TO AID YOUR COUNTRY AND YOURSELF

SAW MORE WOOD

*Complete Line of Tools*

### **HUNTER & STREHLOW**

114 S. Adams St.

"Wares that Wear"

---

### *FREEMAN'S*

FINE CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

Light Luncheons a Specialty

533 Main Street

Opposite Postoffice

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STRAWS

SILK CAPS

THAT ARE WINNERS

*The latest is a summer hummer.*

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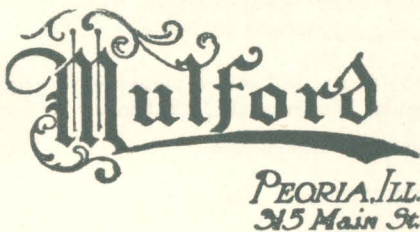
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Will be popular this year—

**TENNIS, GOLF, BASEBALL AND TRAP SHOOTING.**

Why not purchase your wants in Sporting Goods of a store with the reputation of selling the best?

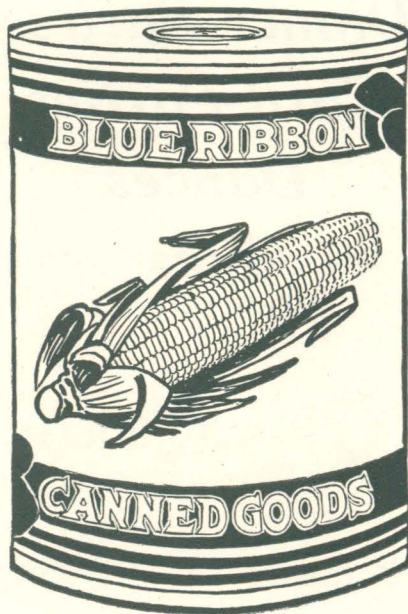
We are behind every Tennis Racket, Golf Club, Baseball, Bat, Gun, Rifle, or Box of Shells that we sell.

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*Dinner Parties*

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Excellent Cafes

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Unless goods have real quality at low prices, this  
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